Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, solus.

NOW is the winter of discontent,
Made glorious sommer by this Sonne of *Yorke*:
And all the cloudes that lowr'd vpon our house,
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried,
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung vp for monuments.
Our sterne alarums chang'd to merrie meetings,
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleasures.
Grim-visagde war, hath smoothd his wrinckled front,
And now in stead of mounting barbed steedes,
To fright the soules of fearefull aduersaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies chamber,
To the lasciuious pleasing of a loue.
But I that am not sharpe of sportiue trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous looking Glasse:
I that am rudely stampt, and want loues Maiestie,
To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph;
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling Nature,
Deform'd, vnfinisht, sent before my time
Into this breathing world halfe made vp,
And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt by them:
Why I in this weake piping time of peace
Haue no delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to spie my shadow in the Sunne,
And descant on mine owne deformitie:
And therefore since I cannot proue a louer,
To entertaine these faire well spoken daies,
I am determined to proue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these daies:
Plots haue I laid, inductions dangerous,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.14) Octavo